WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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BASEM; OR, THE BLACKSMITH.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

[CONTINUED.]

AT this moment Basem, into whose head the wine had ascended, was thinking of his guests, and wishing that he might have the fortune to meet with them: he heard the knock, and went impatiently to the balcony. "Who is there?" said he, angrily. "Your guests of last night," returned Giafar. Basem looked out, and beheld his three visitors; "Go, and be hanged," said he, "you shall have no admission here: by Alla, I have been looking for you all the day, that I might break your bones, and now I don't want you here, you are come to vex me." "Noble Basem," said the Visir, "we have no evil designs, I can assure you: we are come for no other purpose this night, than to enquire kindly after your health; we have heard of this unaccountable decree, forbidding blacksmiths to work, and we are anxious to know whether it has done you any injury; we beseech you to let us in, and we promise to provoke you by no improper language." "Provoke me if you dare," said he, "and take the consequences; however, you shall come in." He then went down, and opened the door; but the wine had got into his head, and he was nearly drunk; they followed him up stairs, and seated themselves in a corner of the apartment. "Now, fellows," said Basem, "you know my manners, there's my fruit and meat, and here's my wine; not a drop shall one of you have; indeed there's hardly enough for myself.—You fellow in the black beard," addressing himself to the Khalif, "I won't have you cast such a sheep's eye upon my fruit." "Indeed, Sir," answered the Khalif, "we do not intend to eat any part of your provision, we are merely come as visitors, to enquire after your health, and enjoy the pleasure of your conversation; throughout the whole of this day our thoughts have been employed about you; and this prohibition of the blacksmith's trade has excited both our wonder and indignation." "All that has happened," replied Basem, "is on your account, and comes from your ill omens and impertinence; I told you last night not to interfere in my affairs, yet you would nevertheless intrude, and pretend to say, that the Khalif would do so and so; and thus, by Alla, the gates of Heaven were open against me: take care, I entreat you, how you presume to repeat any of your conjectures about what should happen." "Indeed, Sir, we will by no means disoblige you; yet we beseech you to tell us, how you have been enabled to procure what we see now before you." "I have lived thus, as I told you last night," said Basem, "for the space of twenty years. To-day, when I found that the trade of the blacksmiths was prohibited, I confess that I came away from our shop with great heaviness of heart, but God provided an occupation for me; I have been the servant to a bagnio, the business of which I learned from an old acquaintance; here I got by my labor five drachms, before the time of afternoon prayers. With this money I have done as you see; I went and got the meat, the fruit, and the wine I wanted; I am Basem; my provision comes from God; a fig for the Khalif, and may every evil alight upon all Khalifs and blacksmiths too; I will die a servant to a bagnio; a trade ten times better than that of a blacksmith; the Khalif cannot prohibit bagnios."

On this, the Khalif made signs to the Visir to enter into dispute with Basem. "Hadge Basem," exclaimed the Visir, "suppose the Khalif were to forbid the use of bagnios, what would you do then?" "Did not I tell you," said Basem, "that you were officious prying intruders, and did not you swear by Alla, that you would no more interfere in my concerns. You barrel belly, you refuse of a dunghill, with your old bear's whiskers, did I not desire to hear no more of your omens?" Giafar happening at this moment to turn round to the Khalif, found him laughing heartily. "Yes, yes," said he to himself, "this sport highly delights my master. Restrain yourself, Sir, I beseech you," said Giafar, courteously addressing Basem, "we mean you no harm, we are only in jest; and if any thing has offended you, we entreat your pardon." "The devil take you all, for me," said Basem, "I wonder who'd wish you to visit them: I was quiet and happy before you came to disturb me; now for the space of twenty years thus have passed every evening, till you officiously came to vex me, and interrupt my enjoyments: however, I'll be no longer a blacksmith; let our wise Khalif prohibit blacksmiths if he likes; God has provided me with another employment; the bagnio will support me in my usual enjoyments, in spite of the Khalif; a piece of onion on his nose:" then filling his glass, he looked through it, and sung a song; "this is good, indeed," said he. "A fig for the Khalif, he thought to put me down and starve me, who cares for the Khalif?" "Yes," said the Rasheed, "I'll be even with you now, see if I don't; to-morrow I'll prohibit bagnios, and I wonder what you'll do to-morrow night."

Basem again filled his glass, and looking through it sung another song. "This is a better song than the other," said the Khalif to his Visir; "he is so jovial a fellow, and his songs are so ingenious, that, angry as I am, he obliges me to be in good humor." Basem continued now singing, now drinking, now pidling at his desert, sometimes clapping his hands. His songs were jovial, or amorous, or comical, and he at times entertained them with a mowal.* By the time of morning, he was perfectly drunk; the visitors then took leave: "Hadge Basem," said the Visir, "we will come and see you again." "Begone to the devil," replied Basem, "never come and plague me any more, no good attends the sight of you." They went away laughing at their whimsical adventures, and again entered the secret door of the seraglio.

In the morning the Khalif held a solemn divan: from this he issued an order, that all the bagnios of Bagdat should be shut for three days, on pain of crucifixion. The people were lost in astonishment and perplexity. "What can this mean," said they, one to another; "yesterday the trade of the blacksmith was proscribed, now the baths are shut up: to-morrow, perhaps, the khans will not be suffered to be opened—there is no safety but in God." First of all the Rasheed's hummum was shut, then that of Sit Zebeidy, and then that of Giafar. The bath in which Basem had been employed the preceding day being shut up, the master of it remained sorrowful at the door. The other domestics assembling round Caled, severely reproached him. "This Basem," said they, "is your friend, a pretty companion you have brought us; the mischief of his head has been extended to us." Whilst they were thus talking, Basem approached; he was hardly recovered from the effects of his debauch, but he brought under his arm the utensils of the bath, and as he walked along was heard to exclaim, "I will never exercise any trade but that of a servant to a bagnio." Ignorant of what had happened, he approached the bath, and coming near the door, he saw it fastened, and the domestics sitting sorrowful without: "What are you about?" said Basem; "how comes the bath to be shut? If any thing is the matter with the lock, let me set my foot against it." Vext as they were, they could not help laughing at Basem: "What, you wish to open the bagnio, Sir, do you." "To be sure I do," said Basem. "Yes," said Caled, "and I suppose you'd like very much to be crucified at the door." "What the devil do you mean?" said Basem: "You pretend, I suppose," answered Caled, "not to have heard of the proclamation. The Khalif has ordered all bagnios to be shut up for three days on pain of crucifixion." When Basem heard this, "For Heaven's sake," said he, in a tone of anxiety, "what can this possibly mean!" "'Tis all owing to you," said the master of the bagnio; "go about your business: I have been master of a bagnio for thirty years, and till you shewed your ill-looking face among us, never heard of such a proclamation; yesterday blacksmiths were prohibited—to-day bagnios—by Alla begone!"

Basem departed in great tribulation. "This," said he, with a heart swelling with anger, "all this has happened on account of my cursed visitors; whatever they pretend to fancy is certain to come to pass. By Heavens, if I do but meet them, I'll make them see the stars by day-light." He then went home very melancholy indeed. When he entered, he sat down lost in thought. "What can I possibly do now?" he exclaimed, "not an asper have I in my pocket; I am proscribed as a blacksmith, the bagnio is shut, and pray what trade next?" Then thinking of his guests, he clenched his fists in anger, and resolved to go seek them through the streets of Bagdat. In this search he was employed part of the day, and of course in vain: "To-night," said he, "I must be supperless; no meat, no fruit, no wine, no lights:" he then returned home, dressed himself, put his shash round his head in a cubical form, and taking the cloth used for prayer, he said, "This will I sell, and provide myself as usual." In his wanderings he came near a school and a chapel. "Here," said he, "I will perform my ablutions, pray that this evil be removed, and my occupation restored." He entered the college, performed his ablution, and said his pray-

* Mowal, a plaintive song, performed by a single voice.

ers; then he came into the portico, and holding the cloth in his hand, his vexation againſt his guests had ſomewhat ſubſided, and throwing the cloth over his ſhoulders, he remained in the ſame place, undetermined to what bazar he ſhould carry it to ſell. Whilſt he was in this ſituation a woman approached, and ſeeing Baſem, a fine tall fellow, with a ſhaſh round his head, ſhe amagined him to be a Wakeel, or officer of juſtice belonging to the Cadi; "Pray, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "are you a meſſenger or Wakeel?" "I am," replied Baſem, rolling his eyes, "if you deſire it, a potent meſſenger, and, if you pleaſe, by declaration and ſignature of the Cadi of Cadies; or, if you chuſe, I am a judge, who can fit here and determine between parties; I have a power of divorcing and confirming; in ſhort, I can do for you whatever you deſire, only acquaint me with your buſineſs." "O Hadgi!" ſaid the woman, "theſe are many words. But I have a juſt claim upon my debtor." "Let me know," ſaid Baſem, "who this debtor is, that I may carry him before a Cadi who ſits in his den to diſtribute juſtice, and who has not his equal in the world. Let me be your Wakeel; I will for two thirds of a dollar gain your cauſe if the defendant be in the wrong; but if on the contrary, what is on your ſide unjuſt I will make to be juſt. Only come along with me to the Mahkamy in my diſtrict, and I ſhall be anſwerable to you for your debtor." "I deſire," ſaid the woman, "to complain againſt my huſband, who is in debt to me for clothes for five years, beſides five dinars and a para for expences, as will appear by my contract of marriage. Indeed he is not a liberal man in what is his duty to me, and ſometimes ſleeps from home." "What is your huſband's trade?" demanded Baſem. "A babooch maker," replied the woman. "A ſtretcher* of ſkins!" ſaid Baſem, "come along with me; by Alla, I will confound him." "Were it not adviſable, O Hadgi!" ſaid the woman, "that we have my claim written down at the Mahkamy, and obtain the Cadi's order for his appearance!" "Believe me," ſaid Baſem, "that is unneceſſary; the Cadi, for the quicker diſpatch of buſineſs, having empowered me to ſign his name for him." He then led her by the hand to the college, where he entered, but ſoon returned to her, ſaying, "If you make me a liberal conſideration, you ſhall ſee what I will do for you; an hour ſhall not paſs, before you ſee your huſband ſafely lodged in priſon."

* Slipper.

[To be continued.]

"ONE KIND KISS BEFORE WE PART!"

A Young lady having purchaſed an aſſortment of muſic at a warehouſe ſituated in the weſtern part of Philadelphia, on returning to her carriage recollected a piece which ſhe had neglected to buy. "Sir," ſaid ſhe, on re-entering the ſhop, "there is yet one thing which I have forgot, and which I muſt now requeſt you to give me." "And what is that?" aſked the young muſic ſeller. "It is, Sir," replied ſhe, (heſitating, and running over the titles of the muſic ſhe held in her hand) "it is——" "One kind kiſs before we part."—The gay youth vaulting inſtantaneouſly over the table, ſaluted the fair ſtranger! It is ſcarcely neceſſary to inform the reader, (who will recollect the ſong, "One kind kiſs before we part!") that it was an air of a leſs touching nature, than the one given by our hero, which the lady expected to receive.

CALUMNY.

CALUMNY may be defined a falſe, injurious detraction from the character of any perſon, either in ſpeech or writing. The moſt abandoned and ſordid minds have the leaſt abhorrence of Calumny. He who is but moderately wicked, durſt not venture upon it; he who has but a ſpark of ingenuity in his temper, diſdains it. One aſked a Spartan whether his ſword was ſharp? He anſwered, "Sharper than Calumny."

ANECDOTE.

MR. DE MALEZIEUX, ſpeaking one day to the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, reſpecting a treaty of peace that had been juſt concluded, obſerved, that it would have been prudent to inſert ſome obſcure clauſe in it, the interpretation of which might, at a convenient opportunity, furniſh a pretence for renewing the war. "That," replied the Prince, "is not neceſſary; when people have money enough to go to war, they need not care a farthing for a pretence."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM

ELEGY.

FELL darkneſs ruled 'tis dreary as the tomb!
And melancholy claims her wonted reign,
Dim fleeting viſions ſweep the horrid gloom,
Nor ſound is heard along the diſtant plain.

Save from the ruins of yon mould'ring tow'r,
That, nodding, totters to the paſſing breeze,
The lonely owl diſturbs the ſolemn hour,
The boding raven ſcreams among the trees.

The weary ploughman's ta'en him to his reſt,
And ſleeps contented in his humble ſtate,
No care corroding rankles in his breaſt,
He envies not the grandeur of the great.

The dawn of morn recalls him to his toil,
A virtuous wife his homely food prepares,
His lovely infants greet him with a ſmile——
For them are all his labors——all his cares.

For other thoughts my woe-worn breaſt engage;
Not the rude paſſimes of the joyful hind,
Not all the pomp of grandeur can aſſuage
The poignant anguiſh of a wounded mind.

Fled are the joys that once my boſom fir'd,
Faded the bloom that once thoſe cheeks adorn'd,
Bliſted the hopes my youthful breaſt inſpir'd,
The ſmiles of love to frowns forbidding turn'd.

Oh earth! thou art to me a very hell;
Burſt are the ſacred ties of mutual love;
Go, virtuous man, if ſuch below there dwell!
Go——ſeek them with thy father God above.

Oh! had I never view'd ELIZA's form!
Or baniſh'd from my thoughts the lovely fair,
Then I had never known the blaſting ſtorm
That drives me to the raſhneſs of deſpair.

The gaily world can boaſt no charms for me,
Nor can the ſhow of faithleſs friends delight;
From pangs like theſe I'll ſet my boſom free,
And ruſh to regions of eternal night!

Can I a lovely ſiſter's calls withſtand,
Should I not live to wipe miſfortune's tears,
Will not a tender father's voice demand
That I ſhould cheriſh his declining years?

Can I a dying mother's couch forego,
Forget the ſplendor of my preſent ſtate,
And turn the houſe of mirth to woe
With the ſad tale of my unhappy fate?

Reaſon to me has loſt its wonted charm,
The ties of Nature loſe their ſoft controul;
Nor can Religion's ſoothing voice diſarm
The cool delib'rate purpoſe of my ſoul.

Curſe on the world!——diſtraction fires my brain,
Rage thrills each nerve, and boils thro' ev'ry part;
Come, friendly draught, and eaſe this furious pain,
Thou laſt ſad comfort of a broken heart.

'Tis done! now let the ſon of pleaſure rail,
Unus'd to Miſ'ry's pangs his firmneſs boaſt,
Soon ſhall the vital pow'rs of action fail,
Soon ſhall I reach Eternity's vaſt coaſt.

Father of Mercy! ſtrike from the throne of Heav'n,
Drive from my guilty breaſt thoſe foul alarms;
Oh! let this deed of raſhneſs be forgiv'n,
And take a wretched ſuppliant to thy arms.

Protect ELIZA——ha!——what would I ſay!
'Twas ſhe that drove me to the deed of death!
My ſoul recoils——for her I cannot pray,
But curſe her mem'ry with my dying breath.

Bliſted that beauteous form that lovers prize,
May Poverty's hard hand oppreſſive grind;
May all the pangs of retroſpection riſe,
And dreams of horror nightly rend her mind.

Curb thy foul tongue, nor blaſt the matchleſs worth
Of her whom Heaven to thy arms denied,
Shortly within the ſilent womb of earth
Shall the warm paſſions of thy breaſt ſubſide.

Sometime, perhaps, unconſcious where ſhe trod,
As thro' the ſilent church-yard ſhe bends her way,
Her foot may lightly preſs the riſing ſod,
No pompous tomb-ſtone marking where I lay.

Cheriſh her, Heav'n! with everlaſting love,
Revoke the heavy curſes of my ſoul;
May ſhe the joys of wedded virtue prove,
And all her days in ſweet contentment roll.

The poiſon works, and fades the flutt'ring light——
Tremble my limbs——hark! yonder paſſing bell;
I go——my ſtruggling ſpirit takes its flight,
The ſpectre beckons me——a laſt farewell!

New-York, May 7, 1800. PUER.

A HOME QUESTION;

OR, THEOLOGICAL DISPUTATION.

A VERY good man, but a great bigot, hearing a Roman Catholic Prieſt deliver an addreſs, preceding the execution of a Roman Catholic for a criminal act committed in this ſtate, was ſo ſtruck with the maſterly manner in which the Saviour of mankind was held up to the view of the victim of the law, as the only one on whom he could rely for favor with God, obtained an interview with the divine after the execution, to converſe with him on metaphyſics. After a ſhort introduction, the zelot diſcloſed the object of the viſit.—"I have come, Sir, to diſpute with you about your religious principles; I was much pleaſed with your addreſs to the criminal and ſurrounding multitude, a few moments paſt; I did not think a Roman Catholic was ſo much like a Chriſtian. Though I cannot agree in the faith aſcribed to the Roman Church, ſtill I admired the Scripture doctrine you advanced, as a guide and conſolation to the victim of the law, in the hour of death; but notwithſtanding all this," ſays the zelot, "we both cannot be right, and we muſt diſpute it out, I came for that expreſs purpoſe." The divine with great mildneſs replied, "My friend, I never diſpute on religious ſubjects if I can avoid it, I prefer letting my works prove my faith." "This will not do for me," replied the zelot, "I muſt and will diſpute with you, and you muſt yield to me, or I will to you." "Well then," ſays the divine, "to end the ſtrife, and for peace ſake, of what profeſſion or occupation are you of, my honeſt friend?" "I am a taylor by trade," replied the zelot. "Before we enter upon this endleſs ſubject, permit me to aſk you one queſtion, which may ſave much time and prevent animoſity." "Oh, by all means," replied the zelot, "by all means, I do not care whether I am placed in an argument on Theology, at the beginning, middle, or end of the Scriptures; I ſo well underſtand them I never as yet have been embarraſſed," "Better off than I have been," ſays the divine, "I confeſs; now let us ſee what you know about myſteries, beſides ſaying ſo; we read in John's Revelation, that in the latter day there ſhall an angel appear, who will place his right foot upon the earth, and his left upon the ſea; and ſwear by him who lives for ever, that time ſhall be no more." "Oh yes," replied the zelot, "that is certainly to be found in John's Revelation." "Admitting this, and alſo, that you are a taylor by trade," replied the divine, "how many yards of cloth will it take to make that angel a full ſuit?" "That queſtion I cannot anſwer," replied the zelot, with ſome warmth. "Then," ſaid the divine, "if you do not underſtand the myſteries of your trade, which are but little myſteries when compared to the inconceivable truths contained in John's Revelation——What work do you think you would make of it, to diſpute about things which eye hath not ſeen, or ear heard, nor entered the heart of man to conceive, &c." The zelot, ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, candidly replied, but indifferent——"So let us end here, and try as you ſay, in future, to ſhow our faith by our works." Thus ended a ſtrife by mildneſs and good management in a moment, what the ſcaffold, faggot, and rack, from the earlieſt ages to this moment could not accompliſh, after purpling the earth with the blood of God's children.

SCRAPS.

—AN old Engliſh author draws a pretty picture of the proviſion made by Providence for the brute creation. "As ſoon as nature calls them into the world, they find their meat dreſſed, the cloth laid, and the table covered; they find their drink brewed, and the buttery open, their beds made, and their clothes ready."

A SECT of philoſophers are like a bundle of bruſh-wood. When they are lighted up by the fire of diſpute, and put into the oven of altercation—then comes out the crumbs and crult of litigation.

MEN ſometimes think they hate flattery; but they hate only the manner of it.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1800.

DUEL.

A letter received in town yesterday morning from Philadelphia, says, "Yesterday morning two Members of Congress, belonging to the House of Representatives, together with their seconds, met on the Jersey shore and exchanged shots. Both parties were wounded---one in the face, and the other in the thigh.

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The Circuit Court of the United States for the Pennsylvania District, adjourned on Friday 2d inst. Judge Chase went into a detail of the consequences of the insurrection of 1794, and the one in which those lately tried assisted. He concluded, by pronouncing sentence of DEATH on John Fries, Frederick Hainy, and John Gettman----Their execution will take place the latter end of this month at Quaker Town.

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We hear that Commodore Truxton is to command the President Frigate, of 44 guns, and that in consequence of this arrangement, Captain Murray, of the Insurgent, will succeed to the command of the Constellation. Captain Fletcher, of the George Washington, we are also informed, will take command of the Insurgent.

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Private letters from Bourdeaux, received at Norfolk, by the Tuly, Captain Stone, mention, that our Commissioners passed through that city on their way to Paris---that they were every where received in France with the highest demonstrations of respect----and that the French government was making splendid preparations to receive them.

A conference on the subject of peace is to be opened between Messrs, Davie, Ellsworth and Murray, the Ministers Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, and a commission appointed for that purpose by the First Consul. This commission consists of three members, Joseph Buonaparte, Fleurieu, and Roderet, Citizen Mourgues is Secretary.

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Extract of a letter from Capt. Little, of the U. S. frigate Boston, to the Secretary of the Navy, dated, at Sea, 19th March.

"On the 1st March, being between St. Gonaives and the Point of St. Mark, with a merchant brig in tow, bound to Port-au-Prince, I saw nine barges making towards me from the Island of Gonaives, having about 20 oars each, and each carrying from 30 to 40 men: their object was the Boston. On discovering them I ordered my guns to be instantly housed, to decoy them if possible, which answered the intended effect in some measure. On approaching within shot they found their mistake, and turned to run away from me. The guns were immediately run out, and a fire commenced, which lasted two hours, during which time I destroyed three of the barges with the crews: the rest were so fortunate as to reach the island, but in a most shattered condition."

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Boston, May 3.

FROM ST. DOMINGO.

We are in possession of the "Bulletin Official de Saint Domingue," to the 4th ult.---In the paper of the last date, is the official account of the capture by Toussaint's forces of Jacquemel on the 27th February, after much severe fighting. The attack was made by 2000 troops, and many of Rigaud's forces were killed and made prisoners. Oge was killed. Toussaint's troops have also taken the important port Cavalier near Baynet. The most deadly animosity subsists between these Chieftains.---They reciprocally denominate each other REBEL: and both acknowledge fealty to the French Republic.

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PHILADELPHIA, May 6.

We made mention, a few days since, of an action which happened between the ship Criterion, and a French privateer, in the bay of Bengal. Since which we have procured the following particulars of that action, &c.

"Sailed from Calcutta on the 28th day of Dec. 1799, and proceeded down the river, in expectation of joining some of the East India Company's ships bound home. On the 2d Jan. having got to where we expected to join company, found the ships had sailed---being in company with the ship Lewis, Capt. Deale, of Baltimore, mounting 22 guns, bound to Madras, agreed to keep together a few days for mutual protection. The 4th, at day light in lat. 19, N. long. 87 E. from London, saw a ship to the westward which gave us chace. Judging her to be a French privateer, we prepared for defence. At about 8 A. M. the privateer being near, hoisted French colors at her mizen, and a bloody flag at the main-top-gallant-mast head. Capt. Deale, of the Lewis, observing that the enemy intended to lay him on board, wore his ship round to give him his broadside, in doing which he placed his ship nearly athwart the enemy, who approaching, poured in a volley of musquetry, and then boarded, at the same time carrying away his bowsprit. When the Lewis wore about, we wore also, and attacked the enemy with all our force, and he attacked us with both cannon and small arms. In a little time we found the cannon of the Lewis turned on us, she being in possession of the enemy---we now thought of attempting to escape, which we had hopes of effecting by hauling to the wind, supposing the enemy could not chace to the windward, without a bowsprit. Observing our intention, the enemy quickly gave chace with both ships. The wind being strong and the ship crank, we could not carry sail, it was therefore proposed and agreed to cast over our lee guns, with their carriages, cut away an anchor from the lee fore chains, stove several water casks, and cast them over, together with several other things, which so released the ship, that we gained from the enemy, who did not chace long before he lost his fore-top-mast, and gave over chace, and called in his prize.

"We had now time to look around and see what damage we had sustained in the conflict, and had to lament Mr William Murdock, our first officer, having received a wound, of which he died in two days after---a young lad killed with a cannon ball, and one man wounded in the head with a musket ball; our rigging and sails being much cut and torn, and our fore-top-mast cut nearly one third off, with a cannon ball. It appears next to a wonder that we should have escaped the privateer, having 20 or 22 guns, and to appearance a great many men---and we having received two or three broadsides from the Lewis after the enemy had taken her.

"Nothing more material happened until the 4th Feb. when in lat. 20, S. long. 65. E. from London, the wind was so high, as to bring us too under fore-sail, and double reefed main-top-sail on the cap----the wind increasing, on the 5th, hove the ship too under poles, and lay thus about two hours, when finding the ship so crank, that she lay on her broad side, reefed the fore-sail, set it, and got the ship before the wind. On the 7th, the wind got to such a height, found it difficult to steer the ship with three or four hands at the helm. On the 8th, at 4 P. M. the ship broached too on the larboard tack, and lay in a very alarming situation, at the apparent mercy of the wind and sea, which often broke in upon us in large bodies, carrying away our bull-work, &c. and stove the jolly boat, which hung over the stern. At 8 A. M. finding the ship made water, and as she then lay could not get at the pumps, made an effort to get her before the wind, which was happily accomplished. On the 9th the wind and sea increased with such violence that we could no longer steer the ship; she broached too by the lee, and lay on her starboard side, with her lee guns under water, and for about eight hours lay so much on her beam ends as to dip the ends of her lower yards into the sea----at about 9 A. M. the wind abated, and the weather gradually became moderate----touched at St. Helena on the 14th----and on 1st of May arrived in the Delaware."

THEATRE.

—

MR. TYLER's BENEFIT.

On Monday evening, will be presented, a Drama in 5 acts, called

The Castle Spectre.

After which will be presented a favorite Musical Entertainment in one act, never performed here called,

The Recruiting Serjeant.

To which will be added, a new Farce in one act, never performed here, called,

The Sailor's Triumph;

OR, THE FAMILY PICTURE.

This petite piece is in great estimation, and has done its author great credit,

The Trio of TING TANG TA, will be sung in the course of the evening.

COURT of HYMEN.

WHEN love, and youth, and virtue join the bands,
How rich the harvest of connubial joy.
How sweet the union of their hearts and hands,
How blest the scenes their active minds employ.
Even toil itself, distress with all its train,
With mutual zeal they bear, and scarce repine,
While mutual care participates each pain,
And smiles, and love proclaim their bliss divine.
Thus while true wisdom guide them in their ways,
Happy the nymph, and blest the joyous swain,
Their rising progeny shall speak their praise,
Encrease their joys, and dissipate their pain.

—

MARRIED

At Philadelphia, by the Rev Bishop White, D. N. TRAIN, of this city, to Miss CATHARINE COLLINGS, of that city.

Lately, by the Rev Mr Coles, Mr GEORGE D. KIRK, to Miss ELIZA HENDRICKSON, both of Hempstead, (Long-Island.)

On Wednesday evening, the 23d ult. at Fairfield, near Success, (L. I.) by the Rev Mr Rattoon, Mr SAMUEL HAWLEY, of Rockaway, to Miss MARY VAN WYCK, daughter of Mr Gilbert Van Wyck, of the former place.

On Saturday evening, the 26th ult. by the Rev Doct. Phœbus, Mr HENRY STILES, to Miss SALLY WILKINSON, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 30th ult. by the Rev Dr Rodgers, Mr JOHN BLOODGOOD, to Miss RACHEL SIMMONS, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev Mr Miller, Mr RICHARD BURCHAN, to Miss CATHARINE WARD, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev Mr Kuypers, Mr THOMAS B. CAMPBELL, merchant, to Miss SALLY NEWKIRK, both of this city.

STATE ROAD LOTTERY.

—

The DRAWING of the LOTTERY certainly commences on Tuesday next.-----TICKETS will be examined at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

☞ A few TICKETS yet for sale.

SOMERVILLE's CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

The following New Novels are just received:

AZALAIS and Aimar, a Provencal History of the 15th century, 3 vols. Emily of Lucerne, a Novel, by the author of the Duke of Clarence, 2 vols. Feudal Events, or Days of Yore, 2 vols. Henry of Northumberland, or the Hermit's Cell, a Tale of the 15th century, 3 vols. Harcourt, a Novel, by the author of the Mysterious Wife, 4 vols. Mad Man of the Mountain, a Tale, 2 vols. Romance of the Castle, 2 vols. May 10.

NOTICE

IS hereby given to the public, that the subscribers have taken the FERRY from Long-Island to Catharine-Slip, (commonly called the NEW FERRY)---And whereas it has been very much neglected heretofore, the public may now rely on the strictest attention on both sides, by

STANTON and WATERBERRY.

New-York, May 10. 02 tf

EDUCATION.

MR. and MRS. PIRSSON, return their grateful thanks to their friends, for the very liberal patronage they have experienced since the opening of their school; beg leave to inform them and the public, that they continue to receive Young Ladies and Gentlemen, at no. 417 Pearl-street, where are taught plain and fine Needle works, English grammatically, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, with the use of the Globes and Maps, Book keeping, &c. and the strictest attention paid to the manners of their pupils. 02 1m‡

WANTED,

A BLACK BOY between twelve and sixteen years of age, to wait upon a Gentleman.---He wants him bound for a term of years, and will give him schooling. Enquire of the Printer. May 10.

Stamped Paper.

BONDS, NOTES, BILLS of LADING, &c. for Sale by J. Harrisson, no. 3 Peck-Slip.

COURT of APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

VERSION OF SCHILLER's NORTH AMERICAN DEATH SONG.

SEATED on his sedgy mat,
See the honor'd dead,
All erect as erst he sat
Ere his spirit fled:
Where is now the sturdy gripe?
Where his manhood's bloom?
Where the breath, that from his pipe
Puff'd the votive fume?

Where his eye, that o'er the plain
Mark'd the rein-deer's way?
Sharper than the falcon's ken
Beam'd its piercing ray:
Where the leg, whose ample stride
Brush'd the driven snow?
Fleet as flag the woodland's pride,
Fleet as mountain roe.

Where the arm, whose peerless might
Bent the stubborn bow?
Death has clos'd his eyes in night----
Nerveless hangs it now!
Cease the plaint----he soars above,
Far from snow and hail;
Rambles o'er the shady grove,
Breathes the healthful gale.

There, in ev'ry tangled brake
Throng the feather'd brood;
Fishes swarm the lucid lake;
Game, the tufted wood:
There, with happy souls he eats,
Quaffs his bev'rage there;
While we sing his valient feats,
And his grave prepare.

Bring the gifts----the last sad boon,
Songs funereal raise:
In his silent grave be thrown
Aught the dead can please:
'Neath his head the hatchet lay,
Ting'd with hostile blood;
Bring the grim bear's brawny thigh----
Long's the dreary road!

Bring the knife whose sharpen'd blade
Scalp'd the prostrate foe;
O'er his grave the scalps be laid,
Rang'd in grisly row:
Store his hand with colors meet,
Ere he takes his flight,
That his shade the ghosts may greet,
Beaming crimson'd light! R. B.

New-York, April, 1800.

[The following is submitted to the public as a specimen of the abilities of one of our poetic correspondents; for fear of destroying its BEAUTY, we have inserted it verbatim. We shall conceive it a favor done us if the author will further HONOR us with the effusions of his brain and pen---by dropping them OUTSIDE the Letter Box.]

For the New york Museum

THE LOVERS SYTHE

Thou powers of Love, and Soft. perswation
Come Quickly Soothe My Troubled Mind
Bring Quickly to My panting Boosom
that Dearest Angel, of her kind
Thou Eve of Nature
In Every Feature

Thy Statue, of A Comely Mold
Thy Eyes when Roleing
My heart Controuling
More preasious Is, than Oysters Old

Thy Lips of Corel, like honey Sweet
thy Breath the perfume of May
Those Radiant Eyes Like twins do meet
Come Lovely Charmer, Come Away

New york May 4th 1800

D

Free Masonry.

JUST PUBLISHED,

and for sale by J. Harrisson, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

THE SPIRIT OF MASONRY:

Or, the Morality and Practice of Free-Masonry.

Illustrated and explained in fourteen Lectures, by Wm. Hutchinson, Master of the Lodge of Concord, Barnard-Castle, England.

SANCTIONED BY THE GRAND LODGE.

This work is highly deserving the approbation of Masons, and very necessary for them to possess: it is one of those guides to perfection in the duties of their calling, which every person desirous of valuable information, will find his interest in consulting.

THE MARYLAND AHIMAN REZON,

OF

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS:

CONTAINING,

The History of Masonry, from the establishment of the Grand Lodge to the present time; with their ancient Charges, Addresses, Prayers, Lectures, Prologues, Epilogues, Songs, &c. collected from their old Records, faithful Traditions, and Lodge Books,

Compiled by order of the Grand Lodge of Maryland.

UNPARALLELED SUFFERINGS

OF

JOHN COUSTOS,

Who nine times underwent the most cruel TORTURES ever invented by man,

And sentenced to the Galley four years, by command of the *INQUISITION* at *LISBON*,

In order to extort from him the SECRETS of FREE-MASONRY.

From whence he was released by the gracious interposition of his late Majesty George II.

Mrs. SAUNDERS

Has removed her MILINARY from No. 13 to No. 121 William-street, (the house lately occupied by Mr Benjamin I. Moore) where her customers and others may be supplied as usual, with the following articles, on the lowest terms, viz. Straw Trimmings, Silk and Cotton Gimps and Trimmings, Frogs and Rosets for Ladies Gowns, Silk and Cotton Girdles for the waist---with a general assortment of Milinary as usual. NB. Two or three Apprentices wanted to the above business. May 3. tf

WANTED,

Two Apprentices to a genteel business,---enquire of the printer. May 3 01 4w

The greatest cleaner and beautifier of the FACE, is undoubtedly

ANDREW'S SPECIFIC LOTION.

This celebrated Lotion has received the highest encomiums from the inhabitants of this city, and from many Medical characters in Europe and this city, who having seen its good effects, do not hesitate to give it their sanction. As a speedy, effectual and safe remedy it is unrivalled, and has performed cures in this city, when Medical aid, Gowland's and many other Lotions, could give no relief.

For eruptions and impurities of the Face, from whatever cause arising, as-----Pimples, Blotches, Ringworms, Carbuncles, Blackworms, Freckles, Sunburn, and immoderate use of Paint, it need only be tried to convince the most timid person of its superior efficacy in cleaning and beautifying the Face. It is warranted to be harmless to the tenderest constitution, and innocent to the most delicate complexion---on the contrary, it will restore to the skin its wonted pureness, and preserve it thin, soft, transparent and elastic.

NB. Each bottle has a certificate signed by the propitetor, without which it cannot be genuine.

☞ It is sold in bottles, with directions, (price one dollar each) by R Bach, No. 128 Pearl-street, and J. and M. Paff, No. 112 Broadway, New-York. Feb. 8---89 12

A MORNING SCHOOL,

FROM 6 till 8, A. M. where YOUNG LADIES who wish to improve in Reading, English Grammar, Elocution, Writing, Arithmetic, the Elements of Astronomy and Geography, the use of the Globes and Maps, will have the strictest attention paid to their instruction, by the subscriber, at his Seminary for Young Ladies, no. 91 Beekman-street. GAD ELY.

FOR SALE,

A FARM, situated in the town of West-Chester, half a mile from the town landing, church, and meeting-house, and 15 miles from New-York, containing 110 acres, 80 of which is excellent tillable land, well watered with rivulets and springs, and is divided into small lots; the whole of which are well fenced, and 30 acres of wood-land, mostly young timbers. There is a public highway runs on each side said Farm, adjoining which is a large and convenient dwelling house, two stories high, with cider mills, barn and other necessary out buildings, all painted in the neatest manner, and is calculated either for a gentleman or farmer. In front of the house is a large garden, laid out in modern stile, and is well stocked with herbs, roots &c. Also, a large and productive apple orchard, and one peach orchard, interspersed with some excellent pear trees. Near the door is an excellent well of water On the other side of the Farm adjoining another high way---There is a small orchard of young apple trees, near which is a beautiful spot for a dwelling house. Also, at one corner of said Farm is a snug and convenient house for an overseer or tenant, at the back of which is a large pond or swamp, containing 3000 loads of as good manure as any in the country. For further particulars, apply to A. and R. S. BARTOW in Water Street, or to BASIL BARTOW on the premises. March 22. 95 tf

WANTED,

A Journeyman Cabinet Maker, and an Apprentice to the Cabinet Making Business---Enquire of A. Anderson, no. 50 Beekman-street, who has for sale, a general assortment of the most Fashionable Furniture. 87 tf

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Mrs. HASBROUCK begs leave to inform the public in general, and her friends in particular, that she intends opening a School for Young Misses, on the first of May next, in a pleasant situation in BARLEY near CHATHAM-STREET; where the morals and manners of young Misses intrusted to her care, shall be cultivated with the utmost attention; and, where she intends teaching Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, and all kinds of Needle Work, on liberal terms. NB. A few young Ladies may be accommodated with board. April 19. 99 4w

Mr. BANCEL,

RESPECTFULLY informs the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he continues teaching the French and English languages both abroad and at home, Augustus-Street, No. 48, where he has a Morning School for Young gentlemen. He begs leave to offer his grateful acknowledgments to those ladies and gentlemen who have hitherto favored him with their confidence, and hope, that by their united exertions, he will give ample satisfaction to those who may please to entrust themselves to his care.

Mrs. Bancel has again opened her Day and Boarding School, where nothing shall be deficient on her part to facilitate the improvement of such young ladies as may be entrusted to her care. Young ladies will be taught every kind of plain and fine needle works. Feb. 22. 91 tf

M. WATSON

INFORMS the public, She has opened the Store, no. 24 Maiden-Lane, where she has for sale, a large assortment of Ready Made Linen, of every description, consisting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, &c. &c. on very reasonable terms.

NB. Clothiers, and others, supplied with any quantity, on the shortest notice. 97 tf

JOHN WESSELLS,

LOOKING GLASS FRAME MAKER,

No. 12 Barclay-street, near the Roman Chapel,

Has for sale, an assortment of the most fashionable Looking Glasses, with mahogany frames, which he will sell on the most reasonable terms. April 5, 1800. 97 1y

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,

AND OTHER POEMS,

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Are just published by JONES HULL, no. 403 Pearl-Street, at 50 cents in boards, and 62 cents neatly bound and lettered; and may be had of the following booksellers:

Samuel Campbell, 124 Pearl-Street;
William Falconer, corner of Pine and Water-Streets;
John Harrisson, no 3 Peck-Slip; and
John Furman, in Broad-Street, opposite the city-hall.

Printed and Published by
JOHN HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.